

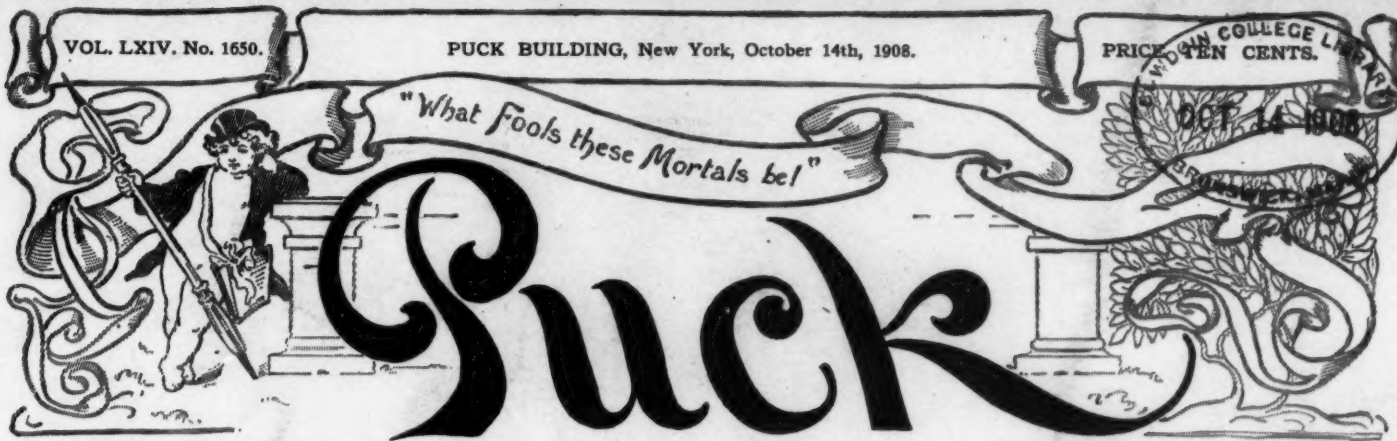
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"What fools these Mortals be!"



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#### SIR HUDIBRAS.

"Accompanied by a clerk, one of the Independents, he ranges the country after the manner of Don Quixote, with zealous ignorance endeavoring to correct abuses and repress superstition."—*Century Dictionary*.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## "What Fools These Mortals Be!"

**T**IS THE voice of the Roorkack; I hear it complain:  
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

As we go to press the most popular man in the United States continues to be Theodore Roosevelt.

Puck's cartoon in this issue, "The Winning of the West," represents that section critically sizing up the Republican candidate. His outfit is plentifully stamped with the magic initials, "T. R."; but is this tenderfoot the "real goods"? The West has by no means decided. Certainly Mr. Taft's candidacy has set no prairies or forests afire.

THE EDITOR of a negro organ in Ohio has informed Mr. Roosevelt that unless some "important work" is done in that state, Bryan will carry it. "Important work" means the expenditure of large sums of Republican money on the eve of election — of course, for legitimate campaign expenses, printing, postage, rent, and so forth. The Harriman fund of \$250,000 in 1904 was for "important work."

PITTSBURG has been celebrating its "sesquicentennial." Which reminds us that Pittsburgh is an historical old town, boasting of a flourishing and exclusive chapter of the Show Girls of the American Revolution.

AN EGG has turned up with a speaking likeness of Taft upon it. And an apple is on deck bearing a portrait of the Peerless. Until a lemon is reported, however, with a picture of either gentlemen, we emphatically decline to believe in omens.

COMMISSIONER BINGHAM admits that the Jews do not commit 50 per cent. of the city's crimes. He might more successfully maintain that they take up 50 per cent. more room in the street cars than they are entitled to, since the traction companies permit them to use the cars for express wagons.

NATURE gave him poise.—*La Follette on Taft.*  
Also, avoirdupois.

GOLF is also a poor man's game, says Mr. Taft. That is to say, there are thousands of poor golf players.

AN *Evening Post* correspondent reports as one of the most illuminating phenomena of this campaign, the widespread and active hostility in the Middle West to J. G. Cannon. This encourages the hope that if Jo-Uncle manages to save his scalp this fall it will be his last term in Congress.

THE DESIRE of our best people "to get back to nature" continues to manifest itself. For example, *Town and Country Life* mentions a dash across country, "one novel feature of which was that the course was laid out along the road in such a way that the motor cars were able to keep pace with the riders in the fields and follow the huntsmen to the kill."

"MEN MAY DIE, but right principles persist, and in the end they will triumph."—*Ex-Senator McLaurin.*

Provided, of course, that they are "properly and generously supported" by Standard Oil.

SPEAKING ON the subject of postal savings banks, a member of the American Bankers' Association, recently in session, declared that "the gravest danger lies in the present tendency to put the government in the banking business." A grave danger, truly! But so long as the government dumps public millions into a few big banks every time the Wall Street gamblers are in danger of extinction, it is scarcely consistent for the A. B. A. to get "all het up" over the matter. "Present tendency" is good.

"YOU WOULD be surprised to find how many athletes there are who at night say their prayers."—*A Yale man to the Y. M. C. A.*

If they are to participate in a football game on the morrow, it would certainly be advisable.



DID IT FOOL ANYBODY?



## A QUIET ELECTION.

HERE was peace the country over,  
There was calm at Oyster Bay,  
All the bees were sipping clover,  
All the cows were chewing hay;

For the wild election shouter  
Didn't speak above a drone,  
And the presidential spouter  
Used a muffled gramophone.

Till the unexampled quiet  
Bred a murmur through the land:  
"Why this Philadelphia diet?  
What's the matter with the band?"

And each hopeful rainbow-tinger  
Ceased romancing to complain  
That there wasn't any ginger  
In the National Campaign.

Then the Bogey and the Slander  
Took their elbows off the bar;  
Then the frisky Gerrymander  
Sniffed the battle from afar;

Then the fierce, vindictive clamor  
Of the Roorback filled the sky,  
With the echoes of the Hammer  
Nailing down the Dastard Lie.

Now the Apple-Cart is shattered,  
Now the Shirt is dipped in blood,  
Now the Whitewash Pail is spattered  
By the Slingers of the Mud;

Now the Malefactor shivers  
As he dodges half a brick,  
And the very welkin quivers  
With the thunders of the Stick.

While the inky trouble-makers  
Hover high above the broil,  
Pouring oil upon the breakers,—  
But, alas! 'tis Standard Oil.

So we're feeling rather flustered,  
Yet too happy to complain,  
Since there's ginger, salt and mustard  
In the National Campaign.

Arthur Guiterman.

## BRASS ONES.

MISS DE STYLE.—I stopped at a lovely place last summer; plenty  
of fellows; honest, I got four rings.

MISS GUNBUSTA.—So? I didn't know there was a carousel  
out there.



## NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

SEYTON (*rushing up to Macbeth*).—Birnam Wood is coming to  
Dunsinane!

MACBETH.—Fear not, knave! 'Tis only the approach of the  
man who said he wouldn't shave till Bryan was elected.



## THE MODERN SPELLBINDER.

WHY SPEND THE EVENING IN A CROWDED, SMOKE-FILLED HALL?

## MATT, THE MOVING PICTURE MAN.

"YEP," said Matt, the moving picture man, "Tariff Revision is the  
elongated Fairbanks for length."

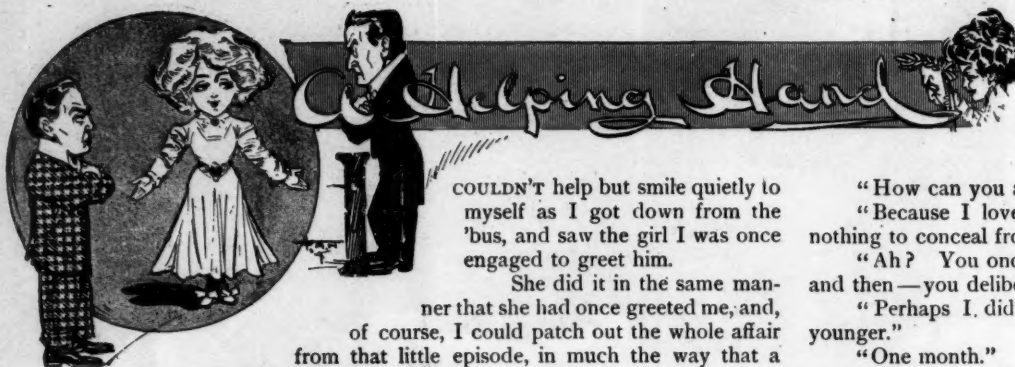
"Scene 1, The Lure of Love. Interior of a kicker shop, with  
brogans labeled 'Price \$4' lying around unoccupied. A sign over  
the door informs us that Infant Industry is Proprietor, but beneath  
the sign stands a big bunch of flesh, loosely thrown together, evidently  
the Proprietor himself. Infant is washing his hands. No, on the  
other hand we see that is merely his way of expressing joy, for here  
come a couple of customers. How very strange! A woman leads a  
wee weakened man into the store by his ear. The old hen has a firm  
grasp. By labels on the woman's handbag and the man's grip we  
ascertain that the male is A. Consumer while the shemale is Miss  
Stand-Pat. Ah, ha! Infant brings the gent a pair of feet squeezers.  
A. Consumer offers Infant three silver dollars for the same. Infant  
refuses and points angrily to the price. Miss Stand-Pat hauls off and  
bingo A. one on the ear. The latter weeps pitifully. Evidently the  
couple are engaged. A. is about to pass over four plunks when a  
beautiful tailor suit, with a pretty face sticking out of the top of it,  
pops in the door. Another label tells us this is Miss Tariff Revision.  
She jabs out a pair of pavement treaders to A. with the little price  
mark of \$3 on them. It's a case of heartburn at the first glint for A.  
He makes a dash for the merry maiden, but Miss Stand-Pat hauls  
off again and bangs him one on the nose, while Infant swats him on the  
cheek and prods him in the slats, and then closes a gigantic door,  
which, we see before the curtain goes white, is 'Protection.'

"Scene 2, Almost A Groom. Wedding bells for the orchestra!  
Miss Stand-Pat is certainly the wily one with the hook and rod.  
The poor fool of a Consumer is going to marry her! They're in  
the church now with great mountains of flesh, also belonging to the  
Infant Industry clan, filling the pews and looking on with coy grins  
of babyish astuteness. One of Consumer's friends is about to tie  
the matrimonial knot; but is that a laugh the friend conceals in his  
sleeve as he adjusts his cuff? Well may he laugh. Miss Stand-  
Pat's face is enough to make the clock go backwards and he'll have  
to make her wear a veil at the breakfast table to keep the milk from  
going sour. But what is this? Miss Tariff Revision suddenly ap-  
pears in the choir loft. A. Consumer immediately develops into a  
little Fred Fearnot. He pummels Infants right and left and is  
racing after Miss Revision, who is being spirited away by A.'s sup-  
posed friends, when the curtain goes white.

"Scene 3, The pursuit. Oh, if the Lumber Trust could only  
see us now! Here is a fierce forest. Through it first flies the  
merry maiden, urged on by A.'s friends. After her comes our little  
hero. Every once in a while an Infant creeps out from behind  
a tree and lays him low with a well-directed wallop over the noodle,  
and his friends lead him astray. This keeps up until the audience  
gasps for breath and the moving picture machine groans for wear-  
iness. There's a couple thousand scenes like the last one and more  
being made every day—and the end nowhere in sight."

Frank H. Williams.

There seems to be no objection to the term spade, however, except as it is  
applied to a spade.



COULDN'T help but smile quietly to myself as I got down from the 'bus, and saw the girl I was once engaged to greet him.

She did it in the same manner that she had once greeted me, and, of course, I could patch out the whole affair from that little episode, in much the way that a paleontologist can reconstruct an entire animal from a single bone. I knew about what he would say to her when he was alone with her, and what she would say to him. Having once been myself the chief protagonist in that little play, I could go through it again with ease.

Now, the point lay right here. I knew it was going to be a tragedy. On the other hand, she knew it was going to be a comedy, and he firmly believed it was going to be a nice little domestic drama,—slippers on the hearth, and so on.

What, under the circumstances, ought a man to do? Should I set him right? Ought I to head her off—as a matter of common honor and justice?

Of course, there was always the chance that he might get her. I didn't flatter myself that he might not manage the affair better than I had done. But ought I quietly to sit by and see a nice chap get a girl like that—one so cruel, so heartless as she had proven herself to be? It was a nice question.

The 'bus got to the hotel and I went up to my room and trimmed up for dinner. It didn't take me long, for I had no particular object in doing it; so I was down before the doors opened and was strolling back of the hotel in the path among the pines, when I saw her coming out and advancing towards me.

"I've been looking for you," she said. "I wanted to see you very much."

"Here I am," I replied nonchalantly, adding somewhat impudently: "What can I do for you?"

I realized instantly that I oughtn't to have said it, be-

cause, somehow, it was distinctly bad form. It was a practical acknowledgment that I resented her former treatment.

"I want you to do something for me," she said. "You may have seen him. I want to ask a favor of you."

"How can you ask anything of me?"

"Because I love him. I may as well confess that. I have nothing to conceal from you."

"Ah? You once gave me the impression that you loved me, and then—you deliberately threw me over."

"Perhaps I didn't realize what I was doing. Besides, I was younger."

"One month."

"That's a very long time."

I debated. It was a great sacrifice to make. Nevertheless, I would make it. I would show her that I could be magnanimous. I would do the noble thing. I drew myself up proudly.

"Very well," I said quietly and firmly; "I suppose you are afraid of what I might do. But I shall not. I will keep quiet about it. I will say nothing, nothing. My lips shall be sealed. He shall never know."

"But I don't want you to do that."

"What do you want me to do?"

She smiled.

"Don't you see," she replied, "I want you to tell him all about it—just the way I treated you—for then it will be so much easier for me to get him!"

T. L. Masson.

#### HELP WANTED.

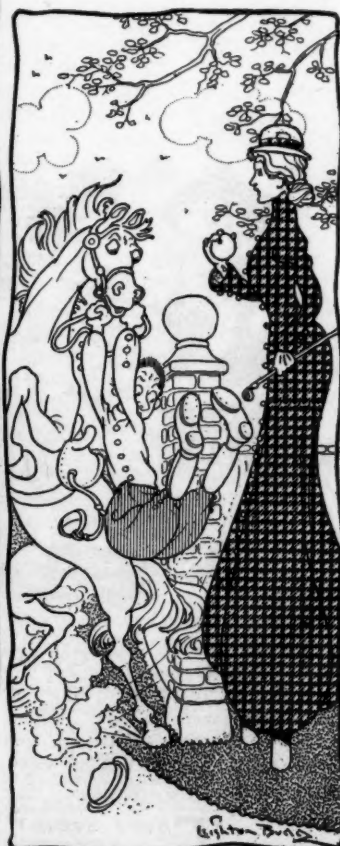
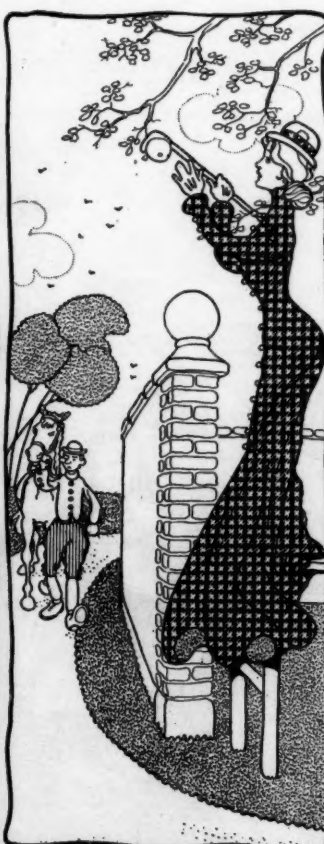
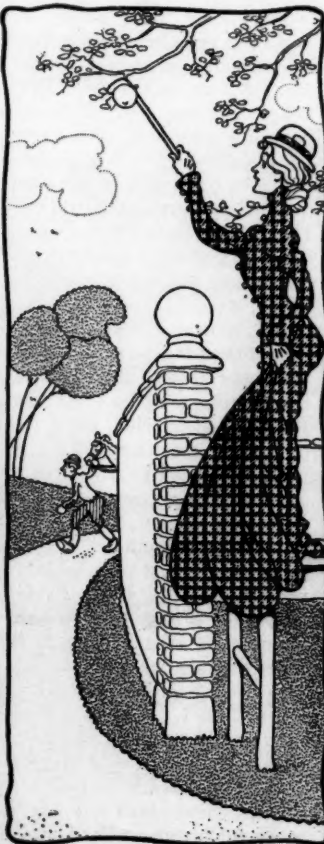
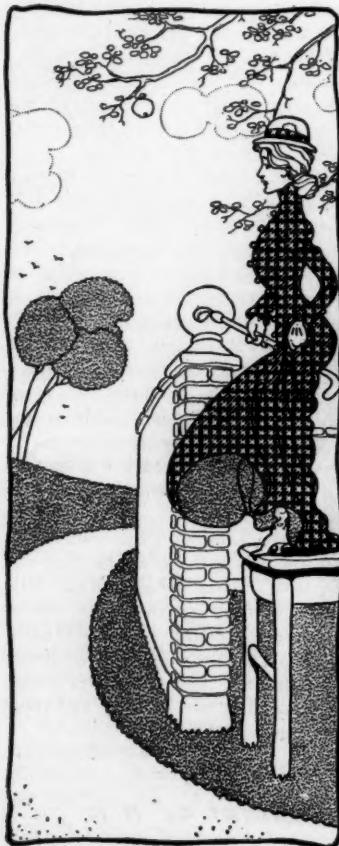
WANTED, by the undersigned, an author who is a picturesque and convincing liar, able to convert a sepulcher into a shrine, a pirate into a philanthropist, a hyena into a bleating lamb, and to turn howls of rage into peans of praise—one utterly unscrupulous and with no sense of the ridiculous—to help write the autobiography of a distinguished trustocrat. Liberal remuneration will be paid, and no rebates asked. Address

JOHN D. ROBAFELLER.

#### NEXT LITTLE BOY.

TEACHER.—What is a sufferette?

WILFRED.—A female sufferer.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.



# SMALL, SMALLER, SMALLEST.

THE COUNTRY BOARDING HOUSE IN A RAINY SPELL. A SUMMER REMINISCENCE.



THE FIRST DAY OF RAIN.



THE SECOND DAY OF RAIN.



THE THIRD DAY OF RAIN.

## SOMETHING FOR OTHERS.



RIGHT this way, gentlemen! Here they are, the new elastic trousers holder! Wear them this way, doing away with the old-fashioned belt and suspenders. Now, you used to wear the old leather belt in this manner, which retarded your breathing, besides being heavy and awkward. You used to wear the old-fashioned suspender in this manner—over your shoulder and over the lungs and over your liver. It

is natural for your lungs to move back and forth when you breathe. It's easy to see that a suspender retards this breathing, isn't it? The suspenders bear down on your shoulders, crowding your vital organs into a compact mass, preventing their performing their proper functions. How do you expect your liver to expand and grow when you harness it up with an old-fashioned pair of suspenders? Suspenders were perhaps the cause of more deaths last year than all other causes put together. Nine-tenths of the so-called incurable diseases, such as consumption, liver complaint, and heart failure, are due to the wearing of suspenders. Show me a man who has died of any of these diseases, and I will show you a man who has worn suspenders.

"You never saw an athlete wearing a pair of suspenders. You never saw a member of a baseball team go onto the field with a pair of suspenders on. Do you think that the Cubs, or the White Sox, or the Blue Sox, or

the Red Sox, or the Purple Sox play their champion games with suspenders on? Why of course they don't! Look at Hayes, who won the Marathon. Do you think Hayes ran with a pair of suspenders on? Why of course he didn't, gentlemen.

"These trouser holders are adjustable; this is about my size. Take them out and try them on right here. The only cheap thing about this little device is the price—ten cents. The gentleman here will have one. . . . Thank you. . . . Thank you; here's your change—One right over here; thank you, sir. . . . Try them on right here. . . . This gent will have one. . . . Thank you. . . . Are you all supplied? Everybody got one? . . . Then gentlemen, I will bid you all good night."

So saying, the fakir took off the patent elastic holder, put the old-fashioned suspenders on his trousers and over his shoulders, put the old leather belt around his waist, and, like the silent Arab, folded his tent and silently stole out into the night.

Donald A. Kahn.

## WOMEN WORE "THE MERRY WIDOW" HAT, BUT —



SUPPOSE MEN WERE TO LOOK LIKE "THE DEVIL."

## IMPROVED.

BYSTANDER. — Have any of the objectionable features of the game been abolished?

FULLBACK. — Sure! The Athletic Association discharged the faculty this morning by a unanimous and enthusiastic vote.

## OH!

QUIZZING BESS. — Did you tell Tom you would be his sister?

BLUSHING BEATRICE. — No, I told him I would be his sister's.

RESEARCH WORK.



AN aged man sat on a wharf  
And dolefully he cried;  
He had a long clay pipe in hand  
And soapsuds by his side;  
He blew his bubbles to the wind,  
Then wept into the tide.

And passing strange it was to see  
This man with silvered hair  
Indulging in such childish play  
And moaning in despair;—  
Yet had I known what woe it meant  
I would have fled from there.

"I am," he sobbed, "a scientist  
Whose task it is to roll—  
While keeping microscopic  
watch—  
The bubble from the bowl;  
And thus to learn for Science' sake  
Where goes the bubble's hole."

He ceased; I wandered numbly on  
With faltering steps and slow.  
Since then I've tossed through sleepless  
nights  
And toiled through days of woe.  
My brain is frazzled all to rags,—  
The hole, where *does* it go?

Gorton Carruth.

POSSIBILITIES.

ADDRESSING a medical society in Maryland, a learned physician advanced the theory that it was better for a race to retain susceptibility to disease than to be totally immune from attack; adding that a partially immune race could destroy inferior peoples more effectively by infection than by war.

Here, at last, is a solution to the vexatious war problem. Forts can be demolished, battleships thrown on the junk heap and war-balloons discarded as antiquated. Laboratories for the cultivation of pathogenic bacteria should be erected and warfare conducted on a strictly scientific basis. Fol-



WHAT A CHANGE!

SWEET  
DREAMS



7 A. M.

lowing a declaration of war, regiments inoculated with virulent bacilli should be marched against each other. In this way entire armies could be decimated speedily, noiselessly and inexpensively.

Then, too, the political field would keep the scientists busy. In the event of a closely-contested campaign, the issue could be easily decided by sending a few of the faithful, violently inoculated with the virus of lock-jaw, into the enemy's camp.



8 A. M.



ON FIFTEEN A WEEK!

PHYSICIAN (to worn-out patient).—All you need is rest and a change of air. Try Florida or California. Or take a run over to Algiers. Yachting in Southern waters is good, too. Or, if you don't like the water, automobiling is an excellent substitute. Above all, don't worry.

To keep pace with progress, congress could supply itself with a full line of serums, drugs and germs. The speaker of the House, for instance, instead of wielding the vulgar, barbaric gavel, could be armed with two dainty hypodermic syringes, one charged with morphine to silence obstreperous debaters, and the other with strichnine to awaken somnolent members. Truly the miracles of medicine are without end!

Maurice Korshet.

DEPRESSING.

ALL WORK and no play made Jack a dull boy. But that wasn't the worst.

It made him enormously wealthy, too,—so wealthy that his wife and daughters became deeply infected with social ambition.

That was the worst, Jack being dragged out to dinners and musicales and dancing-parties, where he cut a very sorry figure and was extremely wretched.

A SMART GIRL.

MY LOVE in her attire doth show her wit,  
And in her conversation shows her taste;  
And so no pin I fear about her waist,  
And in the candy store know what to git.

DESPERATE AUTHORS REQUIRE DESPERATE REMEDIES.

"BRAINLEIGH, the novelist, allowed himself to be run down by an auto yesterday."

"Why such insane daring?"

"He hopes to get enough out of the owner of the machine to enable him to publish his new novel himself!"

THE FALL.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.—Quite right, Johnny. And now, when the serpent had tempted Eve to eat the apple, what did Eve do?

JOHNNY.—Well, she fell for it.



THE FIRING LINE.



THE MESSAGE TO LICKSPITTLE.

**T**HE able-head of the Standard Petroleum Company sat in his private office. Close to his hand was an electric push-button, and the finger of the able head was on the point of pushing it and summoning thereby his highly discreet and confidential Secretary.

"There is no time to be lost," said the able head to himself, "in getting off that letter to Senator Lickspittle about House Bill 633 A. I'll just dictate briefly our wishes in the matter." And in response to the pressure of his immaculate, manicured finger, a silvery br-r-r-ing was wafted across a partition.

"On second thought," quoth the able head, as footsteps in the corridor were heard, "I guess I had better write that letter myself. Sneakerby has never betrayed us yet, but you never can tell when a worm will turn. I won't need you, Sneakerby," he said to the man at the door; "I rang the bell by mistake."

The able head seized a pen and drew toward him a pad of letter paper. Then he hesitated and rubbed his smooth chin reflectively.

"Come to think of it," he mused, "perhaps it is safest, or rather, most prudent, not to write at all. So many people handle a letter between mailing and delivery. Then it is quite possible that Senator Lickspittle's Secretary might see it before Lickspittle, and seeing it might— No, I won't write. I'll telegraph."

But no sooner had he discarded the letter paper for a telegram blank than the able head again checked himself. On his brow were dainty drops of refined perspiration.

"No, I won't telegraph either," he decided. "Our own operator *may* be all right, but it's taking chances, and we can't take chances these days. Then, besides, how about the receiving operators in Washington, or the young devil of a messenger boy who delivers the message? No, it won't do to telegraph; I'll use the long distance telephone."

"Central," he cried, taking down the receiver of his private 'phone, "Central, give me—" The receiver dropped suddenly from his hand and swung noisily against the ponderous mahogany desk.

"Central!" gasped the able head. "Our private Central!"



THE MISSING LINK SUPPLIED.

CLERK.—Yes, sir: it is simplicity itself. You listen to the speech and after it is over, go right up and shake the candidate's hand.



THE GREAT OIL TANK PLAY.

VILLAIN ARCHBOLD.—Ten thousand dev-els! Who are you?  
HEARST.—Hawkshaw Hearst the Detective! And these are the papers!

The local Central!! Central in Washington!!!—And all listening to every word I say. I know it's unlikely, but suppose—just *suppose*—one of them, *any one* of 'em, should be in the pay of some damned newspaper and I should find myself talking confidentially to a reporter instead of to Lickspittle. No, no! and there are too many leaks in a telephone. I—"

There was a panic gleam in the able eye.

"Great Rebates! How *am* I to reach him then?" the able voice asked aloud. "It's unsafe to dictate, imprudent to write, rash to telegraph and dangerous to telephone! Perhaps I could run down and see Lickspittle to-night. No, I'd be spotted. Perhaps, he could run up here and see *me*. No, then *he'd* be spotted. We'd both be spotted! Ha, the wireless telegraph!"

But the ring of triumph in his tone was succeeded instantly by a note of despair.

"H—!! And have every receiving station all around the world cracking and sizzling with *our* private business! And maybe ships in the Pacific getting Lickspittle's instructions about House Bill—whatever its number is! My God! I *can't* get hold of Lickspittle till it's too late!"



THE OILY BIRD.

That night, in the course of a little chat on "Modern Business" before the Young Men's Club of a refined and conservative Church, the able head of the Standard Petroleum Company made this statement:

"The burden of responsibility which the executive of a large corporation is forced to bear grows heavier daily."  
A. H. F.

ABSURD!

"MR. BROWN *did* give me a motor car, but I don't see anything remarkable in a gentleman giving a lady a motor car."—Edna Wallace Hopper.

Why, no! Had the gift in question been a 200-foot steam yacht, or a palace at Newport, the circumstance might possibly have been considered unusual, or even remarkable. But a mere motor car—  
Ridiculous!

**T**ickle the misanthrope with the straw of a happy man's sudden sorrow, and he will laugh.







# PUCK

## A SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.



HE white-capped nurse in the blue and white striped seersucker gown and snowy apron had gone; the two grandmothers, secretly jealous of each other and each confident that the other was "interfering too much," had also gone to their own homes, but were to "run in" every day to see if there was anything they could do for "dear baby," and Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Younglove were to spend the first night alone with their first born. True, big, rosy Ann O'Hoolihan, the maid-of-all-work, was in her room upstairs, and had graciously signified her willingness to be called in case the "dear baby bye" needed such ministrations as she could give.

"And I'm thankful for that," Mrs. Younglove had said to her husband as the shades of night gathered fast and the sense of responsibility deepened. "Baby seems to be all right so far, doesn't he, dear?"

"He surely does, dear little chap!" replied Younglove, still in the flush and pride of early fatherhood.

"I do hope we won't make any mistake about anything. Mamma left a lot of written directions that we must keep handy. We must have everything convenient. You are sure there is alcohol enough in the little lamp we warm his dear little dinner on before we put it into the bottle?"

"I'll see. Anything else to see to before we go to bed?"

"I can't think of anything. Of course, you will look after the furnace. You'd better put the thermometer near the bed so that you can see it by the little night-lamp. And the clock must be in sight."

Ten minutes after Mr. and Mrs. Younglove are in bed, with their son and heir in his snowy crib beside them; then Mrs. Younglove says:

"O, Paul! I don't believe that I brought his bottle up from the kitchen. I took it down there to scald it out and to fill it with soda and water to keep it sweet and I think I left it there. You'd better run down and see about it and bring it up."

Younglove goes down two flights of stairs to the dark basement for the bottle and falls headlong over a chair because he had not thought it "worth while" to take a light with him. Five minutes after he gets into his bed his wife says:

"Do you suppose that we have enough cover on baby? Seems to me it is the coldest night we have had."

"I'll see what the temperature of the room is. It won't make any difference how cold it is outside if the temperature is all right in the house, you know. What did the nurse say it should be?"

"About fifty at night."

"I thought she said sixty."

"Do you think so?"

"Seems to me that was what she said."

"Oh, Paul! We ought to know! I think she said fifty, but I don't feel sure, and it is too important a question to have any doubt about. What shall we do?"

"We might keep it at fifty-five. I think that would be all right."

"You think so?"

"I think it would be safe."

"What is it now?"

"Fifty-two."

"Oh, Paul! You'd better hurry right down to the furnace and send up a little more heat."

Younglove slips his trousers on over his pajamas and goes down to the furnace, and monkeys with it for awhile. When he returns his wife says:

"Paul, do you think the baby is breathing just right? Seems to me there is just the least little rattle in his throat. Put your ear down real close to his lips and see what you think. Be careful you don't awaken him. What do you think?"

"I don't hear any rattle."

"I am so glad! You know I have such an awful horror of croup. It is such a deadly thing."

"He's all sight; but it's nearly eleven, and time we were going to sleep."

"I suppose so, only I have such a sense of responsibility I can hardly close my eyes. He couldn't get down under the bedclothes and smother and us not know it, could he?"

"No; I'm sure he couldn't."

"Remember, dear, that baby must have his bottle at midnight. Have you everything at hand?"

"I think so."

"You will have to go down to the refrigerator for the milk and—why, was that half-past eleven that the clock struck?"

"Yes, it was."

"Then it is hardly worth while for you to drop off to sleep. You will have to go for the milk so soon. Oh, Paul! do you ever stop to realize what a wonderful blessing we have in our baby? Think of it! A human soul committed to our care. Think of it!"

Younglove did not intimate that he would rather think of it at some hour other than the one preceding midnight. Making a second trip to the basement, he got the bottle of milk from the refrigerator and returned to his bedroom, where he found his wife sitting up in bed with the baby in her arms.

"I've just been trying to think, Paul, whether the nurse said that the milk should be one-third or one-fourth water."

"I guess it's probably got plenty of water in it without us adding anything to it."

"Why, Paul Younglove! do you really think the milk isn't pure? I saw the milkman myself about it, and he promised me faithfully that it should be absolutely pure and the milk of one cow. Mixed milk is bad for children. He promised to speak to the cow about it—I mean to the men who do the milking, and have them get the milk for us from one cow and keep it separate from the rest of the milk."

"I pity any one who hasn't a baby in the—what is it dear?"

"I nearly scalded my thumb off getting the hot milk into the bottle!"

The bottle with its black rubber cap was finally handed to Mrs. Younglove, who inserted the rubber between baby's lips and said:

"There's his own din-din! Yes, it just is! He shall have his din-din—every jop of it he shall have, so he shall!"

Younglove stretched himself out in bed and left his wife sitting up with the baby in her arms. After a few minutes she said:

"Oh, Paul! I fear baby isn't well, for he isn't taking his dinner. He isn't even trying to take it, and yet he acts as if he were hungry. I never saw him act so before. It makes me uneasy. I wonder if we ought not to ring mamma up and ask her about it."

"Not at this time of night. If he doesn't take his milk I guess it's because he doesn't want it."

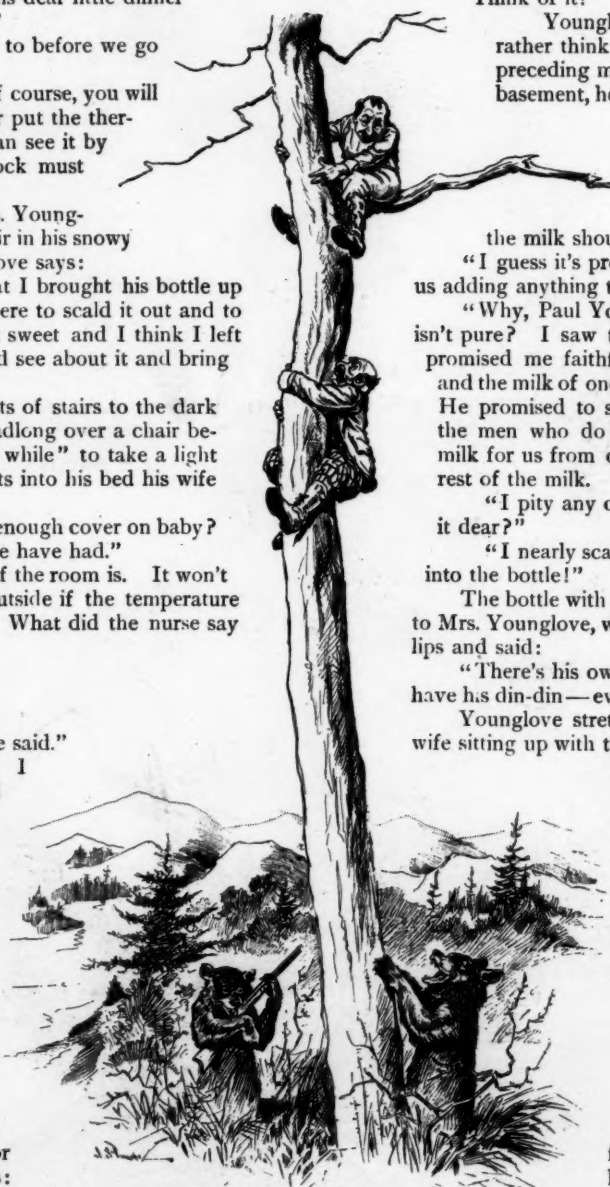
"Well, something is wrong. I never knew baby to act so. He sucks at the rubber cap a little and then lets go and cries. Oh, dear! I feel real frightened. Call Ann, anyhow."

Younglove went up to Ann's room and rapped on the door. Resounding snores bore testimony to the fact that one member of the household was sleeping soundly.

"Phwat is it?" asked Ann harshly when she was finally aroused.



POLITICAL SNAPSHOT.  
PORTRAIT OF A MAN WHO IS  
A STAND-PATTER BECAUSE  
HIS FATHER WAS.



## QUITE SUPERFLUOUS.

SPRINGSTEIN.—Come on, Ike! Ledt us sell our lifes as dearly as ve can!

BLEEKERBAUM (between gasps).—Sure! Vot—didt you—think—I vas? A Chentile?





THE PROPER RECEPTACLE.

TERRY SCANLAN (*the clerk*).—What's up, Dolan? Working overtime, or walking in your sleep?

DOLAN.—Nayther, me b'y. We're havin' a christ'nin' parthy, an' the owld woman sint me over fer tin bricks iv ice-crame!

"Something seems to be the matter with the baby, and Mrs. Younglove would like to have you come down a few minutes if you will." Ann appeared a few minutes later none too cheerfully.

"Oh, Ann! I am so glad you are down!" exclaimed Mrs. Younglove. "Something is the matter with our precious baby, and I thought you might know what it was. He won't take his milk."

"Thin Oi guess he doesn't nade it, ma'am. Or, if his stomach is out of arder, mayhap a spoon av castor ile or a—"

"Oh, I wouldn't want to give him anything excepting under the direction of the doctor, Ann. He seems to try to take his milk, but—do you think there can be anything the matter with his throat so that it hurts him to swallow?"

"Lave me see de bottle."

Ann took the bottle and sniffed at it. She slipped off the rubber cap; then she threw up both hands.

"Luk at that now! Phwat koind av loongs do yees t'ink de kid has to ixpict him to dhraw his milk troo a cark!"

She held the bottle out toward Mrs. Younglove, who said:

"Why, Paul Younglove! What ever made you put the cork back in the bottle after you had filled it? No wonder the poor little dear couldn't get his din-din! The idea of putting the cork back and then drawing the rubber nipple on over it! How did you suppose the poor little pet was to get the milk through that solid cork?"

"Of course it was an inadvertence," said Younglove. "A fellow isn't apt to have all of his wits about him when he is dog-tired and gets up at midnight without having slept any before that time."

"Av me sister Rosy's eliven," said Ann as she was about to return to her room, "not wan had to depind on wan av thim noorsing bottles for its dinner. Sure an' it meks it a sight aisier for de fahter whin a babby gets its dinner in de way Nature intended it should."

"You bet it does!" responded Younglove, as Ann left the room and his wife said:

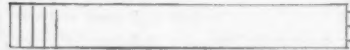
"I feel sure that the temperature of this room has lowered a good deal in the last hour. What! it is only forty-four? My soul! You hurry right down to the furnace and get more heat up here, and don't come back to bed until it is up to at least fifty-five. These little human plants need warmth and care and constant watching if they are to develop as the Lord intended that they should."

"I should think they did," said Younglove, as he drew his trousers on over his pajamas for the third time that night.

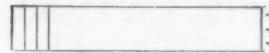
Max Merryman.

TALE OF A CIGARETTE.

WHEN Willie first smoked cigarettes, He did it strictly on the quiet, Along with several other boys, Who wanted very much to try it. A dizziness was in each whiff, And, though wee Willie knew he'd love it In time, he felt quite satisfied When he had smoked just this much of it:



When several weeks had flitted by The child was more accustomed to it; Before his mates he grandly smoked, And very proud he was to do it. Five puffs he'd take before he'd choke; With watery eyes he'd then regard it, And smoke it down about this far, Before, sufficed, he would discard-it:



A year passed by, and now the boy Is quite a bit more bold about it. Kind folks have told his parents, too, But they are much inclined to doubt it. The fumes no longer make him ill, He'd gladly tackle something stronger. He smokes, until there's this much left— And sadly wishes it were longer:



Charles R. Barnes.

HIS HUGE HEAD.

"HOW IS IT that he has been so uniformly successful in the theatrical business?"

"Oh, he seems to be able to detect the public's needs just a little in advance of all his competitors. While they are still advertising 'Polite' or 'Advanced' vaudeville, he is astutely offering 'Painless Vaudeville.'"

PO' CHILE!

SISTER SMOOT.—Po' little Claudie Shinpaw is an angel now. BROTHER DINGER.—Yas'm. He ett pizoned fly-paper, and floo!



EDUCATED BY FRIGHT.

THE MONK.—How did you learn that trick?

THE ELEPHANT.—I was standing near this globe one day when some one hollered "Mouse!"

**L**ocal color is a cheap dye employed in literature to make romance pass for reality.



once and for all—no laundry bills or worn-out collars. With LITHOLIN you always have a perfect collar at hand—the one you are wearing—if soiled, just take it off and wipe white as new with a damp cloth.

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Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs. Irreproachable in fit and style and look like regular linen, which they are, only water-proofed. Will save you \$16 a year. No wilting, cracking or fraying.

Collars 25c.  
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Always sold from R E D boxes. Avoid substitution.

If not at your dealer's send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

**The Fiberloid Co.**  
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7 Waverly Place, N. Y.

### A LA MODE.

"What's that curious-looking charm you are wearing on your watch-chain?"

"That is our new coat-of-arms—chauffeur rampant, policeman couchant, justice of the peace expectant."—*Montreal Standard.*

## NESTOR CIGARETTES

"NESTOR" "IMPORTED" "ROYAL NESTOR"  
Green Label. 40 cts. Blue Label. 15 cts.  
The Original Brand of Over 30 Years' Reputation.

### ASSUREDLY.

It is a more dignified thing for a tree to perish nobly in a forest fire than to be ground into pulp for comic supplements.—*N. Y. Mail.*

PIPER.—The varra pest music I never heard whatever was down at Jamie MacLauchlan's. There was fufteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlor, all playin' different chunes. I thoct I was floatin' in heeven!—*Punch.*

## HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street. NEW YORK.  
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street.  
All kinds of Paper made to order.

"You know the poet says a man must be either the hammer or the anvil." "Lots of fellows I know are more like the bellows." — *Boston Transcript.*

A PHYSICIAN, upon opening the door of his consultation room, asked: "Who has been waiting longest?"

"I have," spoke up the tailor, "I delivered your clothes three weeks ago."

POLITICIAN.—Congratulate me, my dear, I've won the nomination.

HIS WIFE (in surprise).—Honestly?

POLITICIAN.—Now what in thunder did you want to bring up that point for?—*The Globe.*



Established 1810

## OLD OVERHOLT RYE

Almost a century of continuous manufacture under the same formula and in the same old way.

**A. OVERHOLT & CO.**  
PITTSBURG, PA.

**SPEEDING.**  
A whizz,  
A sizz,  
A reckless drive!  
A cop,  
A stop—  
Fine—twenty-five!—  
*Cleve. Plain-Dealer.*

GUSHING YOUNG WOMAN (to baronet at garden party).—Oh, Sir James, I hear you have an acetylene plant, and I simply adore tropical flowers!—*Punch.*

TROTTER (who has been abroad).—So Maud and Charlie finally married?  
MISS HOMER.—Yes.

TROTTER.—I suppose they are happy?  
MISS HOMER.—Undoubtedly; they each married some one else.—*Chicago Daily News.*



STANDING PAT.

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.

# Pure good old RED TOP RYE

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS  
CINCINNATI, O. LOUISVILLE, KY. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

### LIBERTY WITHOUT LICENSE.

"Fanny has given notice."

"Why?"

"She says you spoke in a brutal manner to her on the telephone yesterday."

"Yesterday? I thought I was speaking to you."—*Pittsburg News.*

### MODERN HEROISM.

THE VICTIM.—Help! Help! I'm drowning!

WOULD-BE HERO.—Courage, my brave man! Just wait until I get a rope, a measuring rod, a Carnegie application blank, two witnesses and a notary public.—*Bohemian Magazine.*

SULLY, once cotton king, is working for a salary, which really is better than working other people for their salaries.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



H. C. BUNNER

# Bunner's Short Stories

## SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

## MADE IN FRANCE

Though the creations are de Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## THE RUNAWAY BROWNS

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile.—*N. Y. P. & S. Bulletin.*

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You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny."—*Boston Times.*

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the best when you  
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Sole Agents  
W. A. TAYLOR & Co.  
New York

#### A MODERN CRITIC.

HUSBAND (after the theater).—Well, how do you like the piece?

WIFE.—Very much. There's only one improbable thing in it. The second act takes place two years after the first, and they have the same servant.  
—*Pittsburg Observer.*

#### SEEKING INFORMATION.

"Whither away?" asked the campaign manager.

"To join the society of physis research," answered the candidate, "to see whether I have a ghost of a show."  
—*Washington Star.*

WHENEVER a girl gets literary aspirations she begins to use the word "erstwhile."—*Atchison Globe.*

"Do you give your wife an allowance, or does she ask you for money when she wants it?"

"Both."—*Cleveland Leader.*



#### A MERE THEORY.

MISS COOPAH.—Why, mah lan', if dere ain't Pete Booker! Whar he git dem cloe's?

MISS SINCLAIR.—S-s-s-h! O' course, dere ain' no tellin', but for de las' two weeks, Pete's done bin de night watchman in a big gents' clothin' store.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

PORPOISE.—What is the whale blowing about?

DOGFISH.—Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing Jonah he's been blowing ever since.—*Boston Transcript.*

## J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



AND

FINE OLD  
LIQUEUR  
BRANDIES

GENUINE OLD  
BRANDIES MADE  
FROM WINE

Sole Agents  
G. S. NICHOLAS & CO.  
New York



The Christmas Holidays are coming. The Christmas Puck will be on hand, as usual, to help gladden the occasion, and, incidentally, to show you where and what to buy for holiday gifts and cheer.

The Christmas Puck has never departed from the high standard established many years ago. First in the field of American humorous weeklies—it has always furnished the very best of artistic features, has always been independent in its editorial and other reading matter, and its mechanical work is not surpassed by any other journal.

The Christmas Puck will be published December 2nd; the edition being unusually large, must be put to press about November 21st.

The Christmas Puck invites all advertisers and advertising agents to participate in its annual double number.

PUCK, NEW YORK.

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"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

The kind that makes shaving the most easy and leaves the face the most comfortable.

May be had in the form of Shaving Sticks or Shaving Tablets.



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virgin Turkish leaf.  
For fifty years  
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everywhere.

CAMBRIDGE  
in boxes of ten  
25c

AMBASSADOR  
the after-dinner size  
35c

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is the latest folder issued by The Prudential Insurance Company of America. The literature issued by The Prudential has a reputation for timeliness and novelty, and this folder is no exception to the rule. It is gotten up in attractive, convenient shape, and printed in colors. It contains excellent half-tone portraits and short biographical sketches of the Republican and Democratic candidates, with the names of the members of both the Republican and Democratic National Committees. Considerable statistical information is also included, such as the popular and electoral votes of the Roosevelt-Parker election of 1904, information of the party division of the last session of Congress, the result of each Presidential campaign with the names of the leading candidates since Washington's time. An interesting feature is the number of electoral votes credited to each State this year.

Those who secure a copy of this folder will find it an exceedingly useful document between now and November 3d, and on election night it can be used to fill in the electoral vote by States in blank spaces provided for that purpose.

The Company will send a copy of the folder to any person communicating with the Home Office of The Prudential, at Newark, N. J.

### THE AUTOMATIC SOUBRETTE.

"I suppose your play starts with a housemaid dusting the furniture and soliloquizing about the family affairs?"

"No; we've cut all that out. Instead, we have a vacuum cleaner with phonographic attachment." — *Washington Herald.*

PAPA was about to apply the strap.

"Father," said Willie, firmly, "unless that instrument has been properly sterilized I desire to protest."

This gave the old man pause.

"Moreover," continued Willie, "the germs that might be released by the violent impact of leather upon a porous textile fabric but lately exposed to the dust of the streets would be apt to affect you deleteriously."

As the strap fell from a nerveless hand Willie sloped.

— *Phila. Ledger.*

The Best Bitter Liqueur

**Underberg**  
The World's Best  
Bitters

The Tonic Cordial  
in favor through-  
out Europe for over  
sixty years. Enjoy-  
able as a cocktail,  
and better for you.

Sold Everywhere

**LUYTIES BROTHERS,**  
U. S. Agents, New York.

### UNRECOGNIZABLE.

MOTHER.—My child, you shouldn't believe more than half you hear.

DAUGHTER.—I know that, mamma, but how can I tell which half? — *Boston Transcript.*

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

**Bar Keeper's Friend**

It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug-gists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 266 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

### A FAMILY MATTER.

One day as a minister was passing down the street in Scranton where he resided he was seen by some hangers-on at a public house which he was approaching, and one of the number called to him and said:

"We have a dispute here of some importance, and would like you to decide. It is in relation to the age of the devil. Can you tell us how old he is?"

"Gentlemen," said the minister with dignity, "you must keep your own family records." — *Philadelphia Record.*

It strikes a good many voters that Mr. Taft isn't getting much more prominence and advertising than the author of a play staged by David Belasco usually receives. — *N. Y. Mail.*

### HER MISTAKE.

The infant of the household was in the cradle. The head of the house was at home, peevish and fault-finding. At length he became unendurable.

"You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled.

"Yes," she answered meekly; "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed." — *M. A. P.*

### NEW DANGER TO FORESTS.

With 14,000 new lawyers hanging out their shingles every year in the United States our forests are further threatened with extinction. — *Arkansas Gazette.*

### VERISIMILITUDE.

"We ate our rubber boots."

"Provisions run out?"

"No; but the explorer thought it might add interest to his lecture." — *Kansas City Journal.*

The  
Best  
Scotland  
Produces

**DAWSON'S**  
SCOTCH WHISKEY

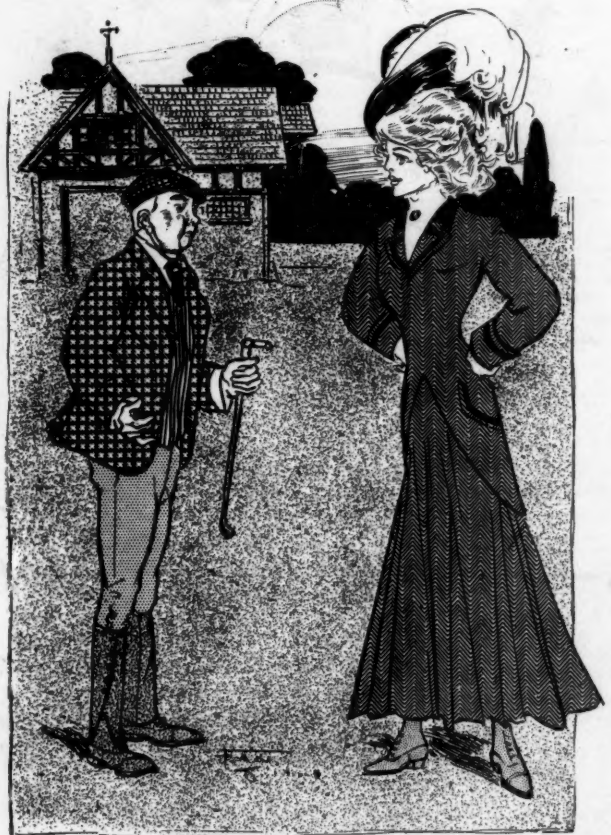
An  
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Favorite  
Sold Everywhere.

The Waldorf-Astoria  
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New York—Chicago  
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### HE COULD NOT WASTE IT.

INQUIRING FRIEND.—You've given up booze? How did you ever summon up enough fortitude and self-denial to do that?

BUDGER.—I paid a high-priced doctor \$25 to tell me what was the matter with me, and that was his sole prescription. By George, I couldn't afford to waste all that money! — *Chicago Tribune.*



### AN ALL-ROUND ACTOR.

MRS. SPORTINGTON.—I shall want you promptly at ten, Parker.

PARKER.—Yes, mem, but—beg parding, mem—will you want me as chauffeur, groom or coachman, mem?"

**GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.**  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
Sold by good druggists and grocers.

### THE SAME THING.

"You have advocated a great many reforms."

"Yes," answered the statesman.

"Yet you are now silent. Are you discouraged?"

"No; I'm not discouraged. But the audiences seem to be." — *Washington Star.*

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In fishing for plums  
And position and place  
The candidate comes  
With a smile on his face.  
His manner is bland  
As he sees you afar  
And hastens to hand  
You a low-grade cigar.

How genial his phiz  
As he grabs for your mitt  
To show you who is  
Or is going to be it.  
You seem to have met  
With a friend to adore,  
On whom you can bet  
Several dollars or more.

He pours in your ear,  
If you will but stand  
And patiently hear  
His vocals expand,  
Some reasons that seem  
Too good to be true  
Why he would esteem  
A ballot from you.

The candidate's smile  
Is a picture urbane,  
While compliments pile  
In torrents like rain,  
Downpouring and wet,  
Your patience to tax,  
The while you can bet  
He's grinding his axe.  
—Nashville American.

### HOW SHE WAS LEAVING.

FIRST SHOP GIRL.—Miss Blank is going away.

SECOND SHOP GIRL.—Is she leaving for good?

FIRST SHOP GIRL.—No; for better or worse.—Brooklyn Life.

CALLER.—So your cook has passed away to a better place?

HOSTESS.—Yes, but I don't know if she'll stay; poor Bridget was very hard to suit.—Boston Traveler.

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How often after Marching you hear the expression: "My feet feel damp and sore." ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, a Powder to be shaken into the Shoes, relieves Sweating Feet, absorbs moisture, prevents friction and allows the feet to move more freely in the shoes, thus keeping them easy and comfortable. It is always in demand for use in Patent Leather Shoes, for Dancing Parties and for Breaking in New Shoes.

You can march twice as far and you won't get tired if you shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease. It is a certain preventive and cure for Tired, Aching, Chafed or Sore Feet, and for every irritation or inflammation of the feet.

Marine Barracks, Port Royal, S. C., Sept. 30, 1904. "Dear Sir:—ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE we find the best thing ever used when Drilling and Marching. We recommend it everywhere."—L. H. Nantz, Marine Service.

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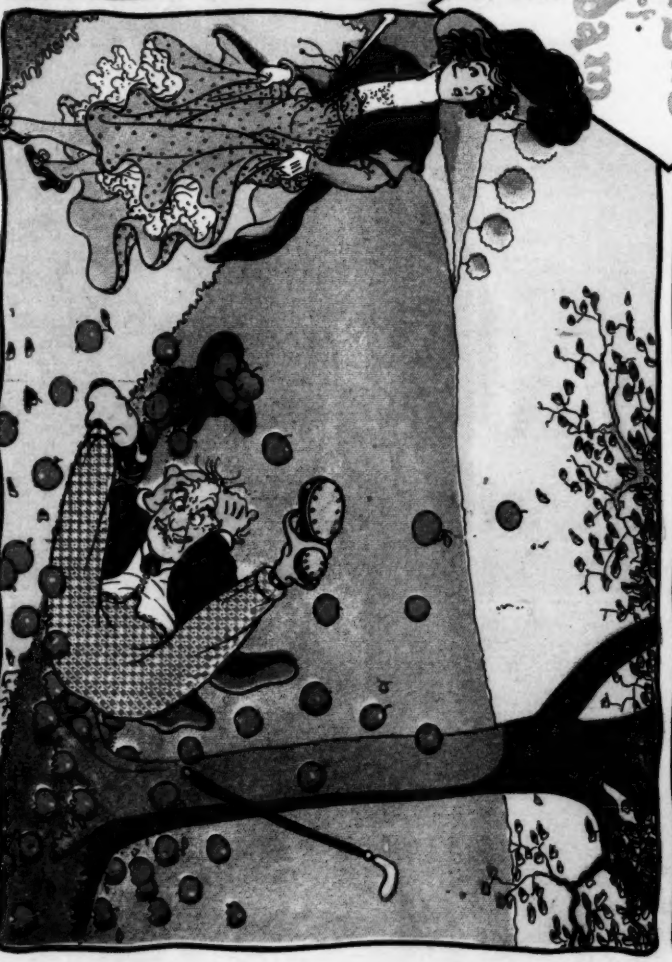
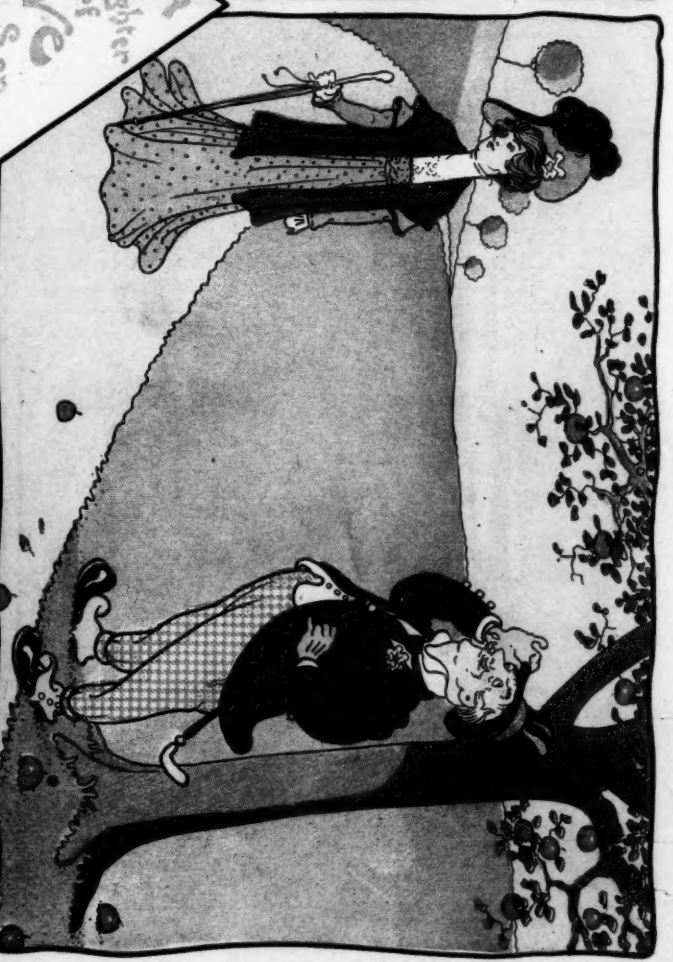
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NATIONAL SPORTSMAN, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.



REAL MEAN.

MADGE.—How is it you don't speak to Edith any more?  
DOLLY.—She won three of my engagement rings from me playing bridge.



A Daughter  
of  
Eye  
and a Son  
of  
Adam